



room for screw ups out there, understood? We've gotta watch eachothers' backs out there, cuz no one else'll be there but us. Understood marines?"

The marines stared at their captain emptily, as if lost in some distanceâ€|

Captain Harrison hollered once again. "Marines! I asked you a question! Now, do you understand me?"

The marines finally snapped out of their trance, and responded in a group, "Hooah!"

Grasping the handgrip of their weapons, the marines forced a grin, and the captain fell back into his seat. A female voice echoed over an intercom. "We'll be arriving at the landing zone in 5 minutes! That is, we'll be arriving at the landing zone in 5 minutes! I'll leave you with a warthog! After I take off, that's it, you'll be on your own!" The intercom fell silent, and there was a crack of static; a sign she was done talking over the com.

Again, the marines fell into a momentary silence, before another voice was to break it.

"Captainâ€|If we have only one warthogâ€|and there's six of usâ€|Well only three people can get into a hog at once, and-" Private Ailes stuttered somewhat.

Captain Harrison paused for a moment. "So far, I've considered that we'll leave three at the drop zone, and three more moving on to the objective, and fully garrisoning a building nearby, using the hog for transport. Afterwards, Sergeant Brown, I'm going to want you to make a second trip, picking up two of the three marines. Davison, I want you to stay behind and provide sniper cover fire. If anything goes wrong, then you damn well better lock yourself inside one of them rooms, and hold your SMG at the ready."

Corporal Davison twitched somewhat. The idea of being solo was a bitâ€|uncomfortable. But he knew he had little decision in Harrison's plans. "â€|Yes Sir."

Harrison continued on. "Now look, Davison, make sure you make communication with us through your radio at least every fifteen to twenty minutes so we know you're still alive over there." Davison nodded. "Once we've gained vantage point, Brown, I want you to go back with a gunner, and pick up Davison."

Brown nodded attentively. Corporal Davison looked somewhat relieved. "Everyone, I want you to realize that this mission won't be like the training exercises. I know some of you are a little raw for combat, but don't let your guard down! Remember, this is the covenant we're fighting here! Don't let up! Show no mercy to these alien bastards!"

As if coming up on cue, the voice echoed from the intercom once again. "Marines, this is Pilot Lorrie! We're right over the drop zone! I'm going to open the hatchâ€|Now!"

Fumes of exhaust exploded from the back of the Pelican as the hatch slowly opened, revealing the daylight of the outside. The six marines

stood ready, and waited for the green light.

A loud booming noise echoed outside, and the com came up again. "The hog is down! Alright guys, go go go!" The red light above the hatch turned green, and the marines quickly filed out of the pelican.

As the last marine jumped from the aircraft, it instantly took flight once again, and the engines roared as the Pelican took off into the air. Random plasma shots scattered into the sky, each missing the aircraft.

All was silent around the marines. Harrison quickly checked over the area, before kneeling down, observing their surroundings. Buildings surrounded them in every direction, one street going on for a few hundred feet before turning a sharp left deeper into the city. In the opposite direction, the street turned into a three lane intersection; the direction in which they had been ordered to go. "Alright, everyone file in here!" Harrison signaled into the building closest to them. Davison and Ailes were first, followed by Brown. Corporal Rogers, their Battle Rifle specialist knelt down, watching the three-lane intersection, while Private Smith watched the corner.

Pausing for a moment, Harrison gestured them in. "Alright guys, let's go! Move!"

Smith and Rogers stood, and slowly backed into the building, followed quickly by Captain Harrison. Still no sight of the covenant. "Don't worry guys, we've got plenty of time to blow these bloody bastards back to hell. Alright! Davison, Rogers, and Ailes! I want the three of you to take position on either of the two buildings at the three-lane intersection. Davison, you snipe from the roof! Rogers, I want you to watch the entrance while Ailes checks the building! Rogers, you take charge until I get back! Brown, you, Smith and I will take the hog down about two miles south of our current position, and garrison ourselves inside another building."

They all paused for a moment, then nodded at once. "Understood, Sir." Rogers saluted. "We'll take good care of this place while you're gone!"

Harrison gestures towards Brown and Smith, who both nodded and hurried out to the warthog. "Now, let's move out!"

ii

Alright! So that's the first chapter! Please do review! It'll keep me motivated to keep writing!

I know the first chapter was a bit slowâ€|No action or anything! But no worries! There'll definitely be action in the second chapter!

Over and out!

Wrrohmm

## 2. The Clearing

Halo Fan Fiction "€"

Operation: Infiltrate

Chapter Two: The Clearing

Thanks for the couple of reviews guys! It's great getting positive feedback from people!

I know I promised some more action to be in this chapter, and there is! But you may be a little disappointed, because there isn't too much, unfortunately.

But anyways, I hope you enjoy it!

ii

Sergeant Brown turned the ignition, causing the Warthog engine to roar. Captain Harrison took control of the turret, and Smith hopped inside the passenger seat. Harrison waved his hand. "Alright Brown! Let's move! Take a left at the turn! Go!"

The sergeant pressed his foot lightly on the pedal, rolling it slowly at first, before finally nailing the pedal down to the floor. The tires began spinning at a phenomenal rate, as the Warthog took off down the street.

Harrison turned the turret in every direction, checking for hostiles in the area. Smith looked like he was about to stick his head out the side and vomit. But still, the private held his rifle at his shoulder, looking out for any opposing forces.

Nearing the intersection, Sergeant Brown pulled a sharp turn on the steering wheel, and causing the vehicle to slide across the road, facing in their objective. Smith lifted himself over the edge, and hurled this morning's breakfast.

Finally, their first sign of an enemy was before them.

A small group of only three grunts stood before them, with nothing more than their obsolete plasma pistols. One of the grunts turned towards the Warthog and scream. "Ah! Humans! Run!"

It didn't take long for Harrison to press down on the turret for it to shred bullets through each and every one of them. Their gooey, bluish blood stained the ground, leaving an open path for Brown to gun forward in their hog farther down the road.

Smith leaned back in his seat, and wiped his mouth. "Hey Sarge, mind cooling it some? Ugh€|" His face held a small tint of green.

The sergeant rolled his eyes, but let off some on the pedal, decreasing their speed a small amount. "Hey Captain! I think this is about where we need to stop and hold!"

Captain Harrison took one more quick look around, and the nodded to himself. "Roger that! Pull over here, and we'll take position inside one of these buildings!" Brown responded by slowing the vehicle,

pulling off to the side of the streets. "Alright! Everyone out!"

Harrison jumped out from the turret, and lifted his SMG to his side, looking at a few potential buildings. "Alright, let's seeâ€¦We need one with a securable entrance, and at least a few windows for us to look out, and also having a decent sniping position for Davison."

Bullet shots echoed in the distance. Smith jumped out from his seat, and held his battle rifle at the ready. The sound seemed to come from down the ways where they had come. "Sounds likeâ€¦SMG fire. Must be Ailesâ€¦"

Sergeant Brown turned the ignition of the Warthog, allowing the engine to settle into a nice silence. Lifting himself out from the hog, he grabbed tight of his SMG. "Any good vacancies Captain?"

Harrison paused, finally deciding on a hotel building. It was about eight stories high; small for a hotel, but perfect for their temporary head quarters. The door was small, with only a single window beside it. There were at least three windows on every floor sticking out at the street, and, hopefully, a flat roof with a good sniping position. "There we go, that'll be our spot! Marines, let's move in! Smith, I want you to cover the entrance while Brown and I check out the inside! Move!"

Brown was the first to move in, holding his SMG tightly, finger held steady over the trigger. As he entered the building, he quickly glanced to his right, before spinning to his left. He checked behind the door, and at every corner. The building was very small, and the bottom floor was vacant, aside from the marines. Brown gestured to Harrison, who followed quickly after.

Smith came in last, and took position at the window facing the outside.

Harrison was first to slowly walk up the stairs, glancing over his shoulder to make sure Brown was following and covering. Still no sign of enemies.

Reaching the second floor, Harrison entered the hall containing four doors. Two of the four were open. Harrison gestured towards the first open door for Brown to check. Brown hurried to the side, and swiftly spun his head and gun into the room. It was clean.

The sergeant nodded, and waited for the captain's orders. Harrison paced himself to the second open door, and paused, gripping his SMG. Like Brown, he swiftly turned inside, and pointed his weapon.

A single grunt stood by the window, holding his plasma pistol. The covenant saw him, and pointed with his free hand, screaming all the while. "Ahh! Human! DIE!" But rather than fire, the grunt hurled itself out the window, followed by a sickening thud. Smith screamed, and gun fire could be heard down below.

Harrison stood, stunned at the grunt's actions. Could they really be such a threat to the human race?

